

DR. O. W. HULIN'S FUNERAL HELD

Sunday in Greenford Was Attended By a Multitude of People—High Tribute to a Worthy Man.

The funeral of the late Dr. O. W. Hulin, whose death was noted in the Last Dispatch, was held last Sunday afternoon. The remains were taken to the Lutheran church in the forenoon and as they laid in state were viewed by hundreds of people who came from miles around to take a last look at the face of the man who had been their friend in health and sickness. Never before was a funeral held in this village when there was so much evidence of profound grief as was manifested on this occasion. The people had learned to love Dr. Hulin because of his many virtues and his passing stirred their deepest emotions. More than thirteen hundred people passed the bier of their friend



Dr. Oscar Weston Hulin

who appeared to be only peacefully sleeping. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, coming from people in every walk of life, silent evidence of the high esteem in which the deceased was held. The funeral services were held at 1 p. m. in the church which was filled to its capacity with sorrowing friends while hundreds stood with bowed heads on the outside. Rev. William Hoffman, pastor of the Lutheran church, pronounced the sermon which is printed in full below. A male quartet from Youngstown sang. The pallbearers were Drs. Cobb, Heck, Miles and McGeorge of Salem, Buchner and Bennett of Youngstown, and Conrad of Leetonia. The remains were taken to Canfield and placed in the mausoleum in the village cemetery.

Text, Psalms 97:2—"Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteously and judgment are the habitation of His throne."

For the second time within a little more than a week this church becomes the place for a meeting of sorrow and solemnity. What busy messenger of God, that grim messenger of death is. About ten days ago we were called upon to render the last respects to the remains of one who had reached the allotted three score and ten, representing the one extreme of life.

Today it becomes our painful duty to conduct the last rites over and lay to rest the mortal remains of one in the prime of life, teaching us forcibly the solemn truth that death is no respecter of age or person. True, whenever we must lay away a person of ripe years, one of whom we believe, or are inclined to believe, has finished his life's work, while parting is always painful, we are more prepared to become reconciled and resigned.

But it is much more difficult when we must lay away one who, according to our way of thinking and figuring, should have yet many years of useful service before him. We are not accustomed to look for the death of a comparatively young person as we are for that of an older one. And ever through anxious days and nights of toil, with death hovering over the bed of our loved one, we hope and hope and believe and pray that a time of convalescence and eventual recovery might be awaiting our dear one.

Through such days and nights, beloved, bereaved, you have recently lived, and your hopes have been liquidated, and your prayers answered with a kindly "No." You are looking to me to say something that might bring comfort and cheer to your troubled hearts. And what can I say? When President Lincoln was called upon to deliver an address at Gettysburg on the occasion of the dedication of a portion of the battlefield there, to become the final resting place of the bodies of those who gave their lives that the nation might live, he said, "But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." If we are here to honor and to hallow the memory of your beloved brother, who gave his life that others might live, little will that be remembered what we say today, but how will the community, and especially they to whom he ministered, forget what he did here. How true the saying of Christ's enemies to him when he hung on the Cross, how applicable here with a slight variation: "He saved others, himself he did not save," but gave his life freely and fully in service to others. And how comforting the other words spoken by Jesus: too: Whosoever will lose his life for my sake, he will save it.

Four weeks ago this evening the Doctor attended evening worship here, for the last time. How little did anyone think then that four weeks hence his remains would be quietly borne to this house for this solemn service. That the earthly bond of love would be severed, and that today all that is mortal of him should be hidden from your sight. And so he who was able to save the lives of many, who with the help of God Almighty was able to restore many to health, now lies before us a victim of death, mourned for by the afflicted, brothers and sisters and weeping friends.

More than 20 years ago the deceased returned to his home community here as a physician filled with the enthusiastic zeal of a man loving his profession. Soon he was busily engaged in the arduous and strenuous

work of a physician. As he labored in our community and in the sick room with love and faithfulness, so he also reaped love and confidence, the firm foundation of medical proficiency. Whenever he approached a bed of sickness in his plain affectionate manner, weary eyes hopefully looked up to him, knowing that he would supply all that human skill could offer. His labor and care belonged to the sick. By day and by night, in storm and rain, in burning heat and biting cold, he was indefatigable and ready to help wherever help was needed. By his earnest and faithful labor he built up a thriving practice and won the love and esteem of all his fellowmen. Even at a time when he himself should have had the attention of a physician, he would not neglect his patients. His profession, his patients were his only care. He wanted to soothe the pains of others, and had no time to think of himself. And when finally he sought medical advice which he badly needed it was too late. After all loving hands and medical skill could do to save him for his loved ones, for those who so sorely needed him, after a few brief days of suffering, one morning as the sun was just creeping over the horizon his spirit took its flight from its weakened earthly abode and soared into the presence of Him who gave him to us. Not only I but all of you who knew him and loved him, can exclaim with David at this hour: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me."

And now he is no longer with us. The church has lost a faithful member; the community a Christian citizen and faithful physician.

The footsteps for which we eagerly listened, we will hear no more. The hands which lovingly ministered to our loved ones are folded on his bosom in death. The lips to which we listened for counsel and words of hope are silenced and closed forever. We feel the deep sorrow of the sadly afflicted sisters and brother. We share your grief, but we know also that true comfort is in an hour like this can be found in God. May God Almighty give you such comfort and such strength.

We believe (at least I have no evidence to the contrary) that during his life, the deceased lived according to God's word, and therefore we feel that the reward promised in those beautiful words: "He that hath faith in me shall not die, but shall live, and I will give thee a crown of life." And yet despite all we can say, and as you think of it, how dark, how mysterious it all seems to you, that he for whom and whose recovery a brother and sisters' love left nothing undone, should so seemingly, rudely be taken from our midst.

But if it seems dark and mysterious to you, remember our text says: "Clouds and darkness are round about God." God's government is one of glorious concealments. Just as Pythagoras (the Greek philosopher) taught his pupils from behind a veil, so God veiled from the sight of men, governs the world according to the dictates of His wisdom. Of this government the poet sings:

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm."

It is natural for us to suppose that many of the providential works of God are covered with mystery and that nature is shrouded with that which is mysterious. How is it that the tender blade of grass is evolved from the hard seeds? We do not know. Who can tell how nature makes gold? The silk worm put into a small paper bag in its spinning casts the beautiful yellow silk above itself and under it remains the cocoon. There are the providential government of God there is also mystery. How was it that God who is a God of absolute holiness foreseeing the fall of man into sin and the consequent depravity of the human race created man. Is it not a mystery? The greater number of God's people who are called to the land of the living and the meaning of many of the rites and ceremonies of the old testament dispensation, especially those which pointed to the fullness of time. There were providential transactions in the Psalmist's days which he did not understand, hence he says in our text, "Clouds and darkness are round about him." There are also similar transactions in our time which we do not understand and comprehend, such as the trials and afflictions of men, particularly our own, such as have come to you now beloved, bereaved. How unsearchable are his judgments and His ways past finding out. Trust him, though darkness be round about him, and with complete submission pray:

"Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom; Lead thou me on; The night of mystery is dark, and I am far from home—Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see the distant scene; One step enough for me. So long thy power has blessed me, Sure it will still lead me on; O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till the light is gone; And with the morn these angel faces smile Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

And yet they are his ways and the justice of His government is not to be called into question. It is proved by the use which He makes of evil, for the manifestation of His glory, and the extension of His kingdom. Pain is an evil, but it tells us when there is something wrong with the body. The fall of our first parents was an evil, but out of it redemption has come. God accepted the services of a lying spirit to seduce Ahab to go to Hamaon. He was to battle, though He did not ordain this work. War is an evil but the world's Nebuchadnezzars and Napoleons have been the servants of God. The justice of His government is shown also in the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. God would not save the world at the expense of justice, but would rather that the burden of the world's sin should be laid upon the heart of His only son, which ultimately broke beneath its weight.

It is manifest by His dealings with his people also. He feeds his people. He fed Jacob and his household in Egypt. He defends his people. He constantly defended his ancient people and the God of Daniel and Mordecai is still the same, unless truth calls for the sacrifice of the truth-bearer, as with martyred hosts and an atoning bearer. He is ready to defend those who put their trust in Him. Will you trust Him—trust Him though you may not understand His dealings with you? Mysterious though his government is, righteousness and justice are the habitation of His throne. Soon the darkness of His dealings with you in this sad hour of sorrow and bereavement may disappear and with the morn of understanding, your grateful heart shall sing, "Now mine eyes see thee, O God." Yes, we will be able to say with David: Why are thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God for I shall yet praise Him for the help of his countenance and Him who is the health of my countenance and my God. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," said Jesus. How good of God that he permitted your brother to have the services of a loving brother and sister in his affliction, as well as those of faithful physicians and nurses, who ministered unto him even unto death, and the sympathy of a loving community. How much better, than, as the case with many, if he had been thrown upon a cold and heartless and unsympathetic world. Hard as it is for you to give him up, how good of God to have relieved him from any further suffering and pain and take him to where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away. May God help you to bow to His Holy Will, and to say "Thy Will be done," remembering also that comforting word of Jesus which he spoke to Mary and Martha when their brother was cold in death: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and he that believeth on me shall never die." Whatever else we may not know, we may, receiving and believing the Bible to be God's eternal truth, with a heart filled with faith, say with Job: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and after my skin, even though this body be destroyed, yet without my flesh shall I see God." Job. 19:25-27.

And His resurrection is the pledge for our resurrection. There is a beautiful incident in the life of Catherine Tait. Her son Crawford had reached manhood, having been predestined from childhood to the ministry. He was a very good man, and a short illness "he was not, nor God took him." When the burial service was over, his mother stood close at the grave-head and as she looked into that grave where the hopes of a life were buried, she said in a loud but thrilling voice: "I believe in the resurrection of the dead." "What a comfort such faith brings to us!" In conclusion, beloved brother and sisters of the departed, let me say to you the words of Jesus, "Weep not." As a good gardener, who when winter approaches takes up his tender plants and puts them in a warm place; as a sensible husbandman, when he sees the dark clouds approaching, he gathers in his harvest; as a wise man, with his sheaves to the garner, so God has hastened with your brother out of this life. He has been suddenly snatched away from every adversity and all misery and affliction and distress and wretchedness of this world; from sin into righteousness; from weakness into perfection; from storm into silence; from sorrow into joy; from death into life and into that rest which shall never more be disturbed by the call of human illness. That is our hope and confidence. May the removal of your loved and cherished brother serve to direct your affections heavenward, that you may seek those things which are above, and where we hope we may all be reunited with those who are not dead but have simply gone before.

It is a common remark, that no man is necessary to society. We sometimes think as we see great talents, great efforts, distinguished ability in our public men, that we would become so essential to the life of the republic, so necessary to human advancement, that when they drop out, their places cannot be filled. We look at a man today in vigor and in strength, and we see that he occupies a commanding position in legislation, in business, in the professions, and that these things which are above, and where we hope we may all be reunited with those who are not dead but have simply gone before.

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AMETHYST JONES

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By FRED LADD.

SATAN is very like unto Love," said Amethyst Jones, wiping the steam from his glasses and immediately sampling his hot Scotch with rare grace. We at the club prepared to listen.

"In this regard," explained Amethyst: "Satan finds employment for the idle. I have often noticed that when a man is hustling to put through a legitimate business deal neither Satan nor Love dogs his footsteps or attacks his heart with that assiduity characteristic of the Fiend or the Goddess when a gentleman's days are days of leisure and his nights are filled only with sad thoughts and pensive yearnings. Single hour of unoccupied moonlight is often responsible for the birth of a Passion so momentous that one's inmost soul is smitten. I believe Byron expresses some sentiment along this line in his infamous Don Juan."

"The Summer after the Summer of my perfect passion for Nettie Darling, the red haired beauty who wrote to me in pale blue ink, I fell in love with Emma Tipton, the charming daughter of the man who kept the very worst hotel in Connecticut. Some of my father's workmen were putting in a new baptismal tank at the Baptist Church in the town where Emma lived, and I was sent up there to look around, and watch the workman. Let me say right here that it was nothing less than sacrifice for the same individual to supervise the Baptist tank, and board at Tipton's Hotel. Emma's mother ran the dining-room. She was frequently braced to the performance of her duties by liquor. She ran the dining-room better when not entirely sober. Emma's father had not been sober at all for twenty years. Emma waited upon my table the first noon after I had arrived at Tipton's. 'Beef-steak, and Eggs,' said she, in a voice like the gentle music of the flowing woodland brook."

"Yes," said I, gazing at Emma's carmine cheeks and lustrous violet eyes, and noting the glory of her beautiful golden hair.

"Which," said Emma, in a hushed voice.

"Both," said I, madly.

Emma admired my bravery; for her mother was within hearing. Emma's lissome, queenly figure swayed, and she glided down the dining-room with the grace of a sylph. I got "Both." There had been no objection other than a surprised snort from Emma's mother. My audacity had carried me far. I shall never forget Emma's soulful look when she placed my dinner before me. The mother had hurriedly retired, in quest of stimulants. It was not customary to serve guests at Tipton's with "Both." I wandered away from the repast with a desire to see more of Emma.

"That night we sat, she and I, in a secluded corner of the hotel veranda. 'Uprose the yellow moon.' My arm twined itself about Emma's waist. I drew her to me. There was a long, long kiss of Youth and Fire. Emma gasped. 'You mustn't! Oh, you mustn't!' breathed Emma."

"But, yes, I must," murmured I.

"You're the first man who ever kissed me!" she half sobbed, in an ecstasy of newborn love. The first time Oh, Ye Gods! was ever youth of seventeen lifted higher in mad Devotion than I, when Emma's lips said that cherished word: Oh, Ye Gods! and again Ye Gods! My soul rose to the stars.

"Those days linger in memory like mists of glory. Those mad nights of desire and delight and Emma are Jewels hidden in my soul forever. I tell you the truth, a small fragment of the truth, when I say that Emma and I lived exclusively in Heaven. Tipton's hotel, the Baptist tank, and Emma's parents were but figments of the imagination. For one another we lived and prayed and sighed. She gave me flowers, which I wore over my heart. We wandered and strolled by day in deep and wonderful woods. At night we sat on the second story veranda so close that no ray of moonbeam ever got between us. And she used to take me into her own little boudoir, which opened off that veranda. Emma had a piano, and could sing. No voice among the Angels could be so sweet as hers. And when she had sung, she used to lay her fair head upon my breast . . . and I restlessly rocked her to rest."

"Ah, my Emma! So sweet you were, so wonderful your lips, so soft your voice, so clinging your arms that had I died, the death would have been better than endless years upon a dull, drab earth alone."

"And yet, we were to be ruthlessly torn apart. The Baptist tank was done. Went back to the city, engaged to be married to Emma. I had five locks of her hair. The other day, I found one . . . it was done up in tissue paper, with a faded flower that crumbled to dust at the touch."

Amethyst Jones' voice sank so low, that we leaned forward, to hear his next words. There was a tear in his dim blue eye. For a moment, no word came. Amethyst reached gently forward for his hot Scotch. "Here's to Emma!" he said. "God Bless her memory—she's in Heaven now."

"Heaven?" we asked, breathless.

"Yes," said Amethyst, dreamily. "Emma married a millionaire widower with four children. The children are in Hoboken, and Emma's husband's address is Rue de Bompard, near the 'Champs Elysees, Paris."

A Disciple of Emerson.

Neurich Fere.—But what has Emerson got to do with your giving your auto to that actress?

Neurich Fere.—Why in his essays you gave me to read he says something about hitching your wagon to a star and I thought—

The Cause Making Headway.

Mrs. Wrights—Why have you put your pretty dolly in the parrot's cage, Dottie?

Dottie—She's a suffragette, mamma, and is willing to go behind bars for the cause.

MODERN DETECTIVE AT WORK

Little Show for Wrongdoer When the Up-to-Date Sleuth Really Gets on His Trail.

"Sir," said the great detective, "you may as well confess. I always find out everything I go after.—If deduction won't work, I use force."

"But confound it, I tell you," spluttered the banker, mopping his perspiring brow. "I say I have nothing to confess! I have been at my desk every afternoon for the past three months, and I can prove it."

"Well, why don't you prove it?" demanded the great detective.

"Because, no matter how hard the wind blows, she is still his mother," retorted the banker sarcastically.

"Is that a species of the capricious hunkydory on your wrist?" cried the great detective suddenly.

"Where?" said the banker, and flung up his wrist. Quick as a flash of buttered lightning the great detective seized it, stabbed it sharply with a small stiletto which he had concealed in his hand, and as quickly whipped off his hat to catch the resultant six drops of blood.

In the silence of his laboratory that night he examined them.

"Tannic acid! Just full of it," he exclaimed. "He could never get himself in that condition without attending tango ten every afternoon for months! Now to identify the brand of tea by the acid, thus locate the hotel that uses it, and in that way discover the woman—and presto, his wife gets her divorce and I get a \$10,000 fee—hee hee!"—Exchange.

LIVE FOREVER IN MEMORY

Loved Dead Who Have Gone Before May Still Speak to Us With Compelling Voices.

Who has not known old men and women, bent by the storms of life, bearing on their foreheads the scars of bereavement? They have lowered into the tomb with the sons and daughters they loved the most precious thing they had on earth. But there was so much kindness in their eyes and so much peace in their faces, that we are won, we know not how. And before the peace which their loved dead have shed about their heads, we bow as low as the hills bow before Mont Blanc. For you, young men and women, who perhaps have lost a father or a mother, no precept, no book, no example, however great it may be, can do as much as their memory at the bottom of your heart, if you keep it sacred. They are here no longer to follow you, to console you, to point out the way for you, nor to rebuke you by raising their voices against your errors; but in the silence their memory speaks to your hearts, and if you are responsive it will be seen that this compelling voice of absent loved ones is able to accomplish more with you than ever their direct advice and their material presence was able to effect.—Christian Herald.

LUKE McLUKE SAYS

There was a time when the corset started up near the collar bone and ran down to the hips. But nowadays the corset starts at the hips and runs down to the knees.

The old-fashioned woman who used to take a two-hour trip on a horse or a walk for another half hour to call on Aunt Mary to find out how her rheumatism was, now has a daughter who calls up Aunt Mayme to ask about her gout and has a fit if the operator tells her the line is busy.

The reason why a girl would feel terribly embarrassed if a man got a good look at one of her limbs is because she wears a skirt that is slit clear up to the knee.

If the man who didn't know it was loaded would turn the muzzle of the gun toward himself instead of toward an innocent bystander, the fool killer could take a much-needed vacation.

The man who keeps his change in a little purse always acts as if he had to open it. And, on the other hand, there is the fellow who regards a dollar saved as a good time lost.

The only time a man is willing to give ten for one is when he is swapping kisses with a pretty girl.

If all the money that married men have promised their wives in the last ten years and that their wives didn't get, was piled up in one place, the pile would make the Alps look like a goat hill.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hon. Arthur L. Garford

PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATE FOR

U. S. SENATOR

Will Tour Mahoning County

Thursday, October 22

Mr. Garford will be accompanied by

other Progressive speakers. Every

voter should hear the issues of the

campaign discussed by these Pro-

gressive speakers. See bills for com-

plete route.

When a fellow has the reputation of

being a lobster he is lucky to keep

out of hot water.

Business Directory

EDWIN R. ZIEGLER, Attorney at Law,
708 Wick Building, Youngstown, Ohio.

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119-114 Mahoning Bank Bldg., Youngstown, Ohio.

R. A. BEARD, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, 202 Mahoning Bank Building, Youngstown.

F. R. MATTHEWS, Dentist, 15 Broadway, Salem, Ohio, Col. phone 472-8. Bell 567 R. Residence, Columbiana County phone 462-R.

D. Campbell, Carl H. Campbell, CAMPBELL & SONS, Physicians and Surgeons, Office and residence east of Broad street, Canfield, Ohio. Telephone 49.

W. R. STEWART, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Diamond Block, Youngstown, Ohio. Practices in all courts and before all the departments in Washington, D. C.



H. C. HOFFMAN

CANDIDATE FOR

STATE SENATOR

Mahoning and Trumbull District

PROGRESSIVE TICKET

I Pledge Myself to Support:

National and State Prohibition.

Equal Suffrage.

Improvement of Dirt Roads.

Presidential Primaries.

Recall of Public Officers.

Adequate Workmen's Compensation.

\$500 Exemption from Taxation.

Legislation which gives the people the right to select their own officials.

Having been educated in the public schools of Ohio and a teacher in them for 9 years, I will support only such legislation as will tend to increase the efficiency of the Public Schools and will steadfastly oppose any diversion of Public School funds for any other purpose.

ELECTION NOV. 3.



REBMAN

Has No Competition

My Examination of your

eyes is entirely different

from all others in Youngs-

town. The people who

know this are those who

have tried others without

success. When your eyes

go wrong—I will be pleased

to consult with you. I use

no drugs or poisons.

Dr. Fred B. Rebman

Neurologist and Eye Special-

ist, fourth floor, Stam-

baugh Building. Both

phones. Eighteen years in

Youngstown.



The Secret of Prosperity

There is no accident about prosperity, nor is it the result of luck or chance.

Prosperity comes to the man who avoids extravagance and "eposits his surplus funds in a financial institution, such as this where he is guaranteed absolute safety and 5 per cent, compound interest.